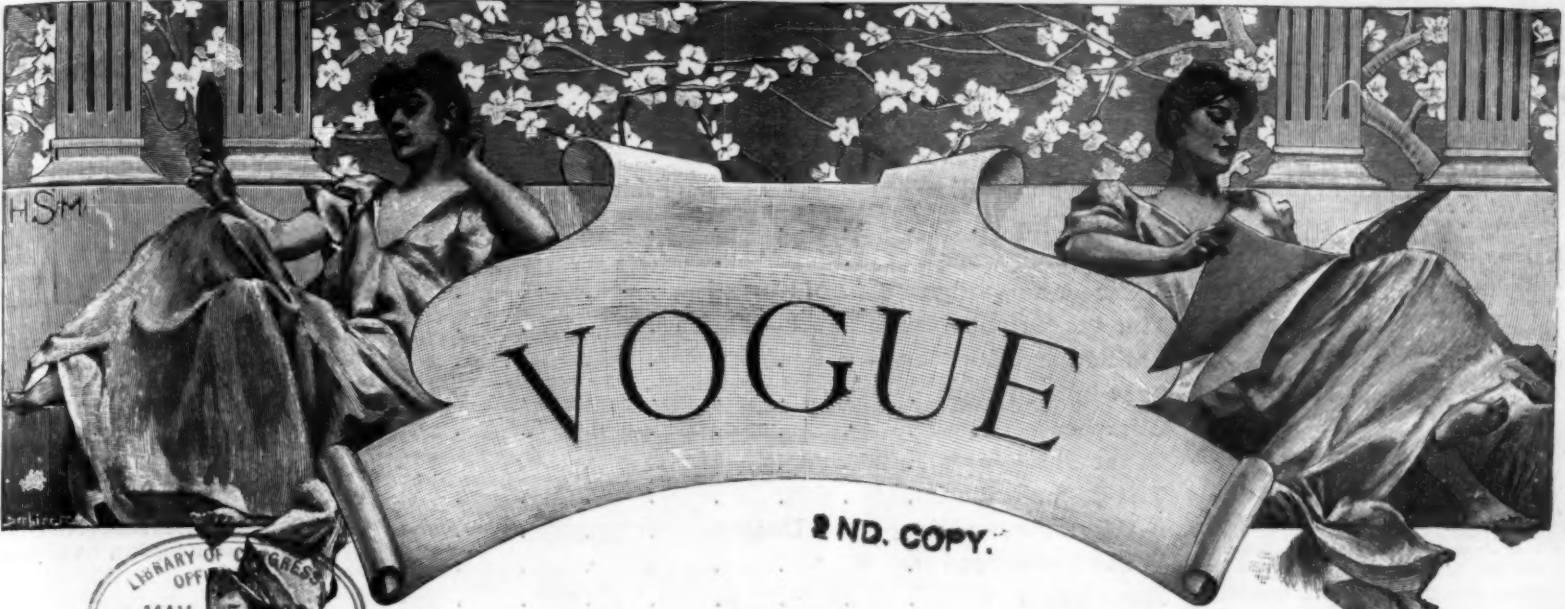


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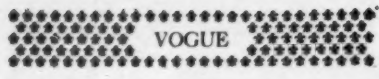
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MARRIED

Cox-Eckstein.—On Thu., 28 Apr., at the residence of bride's mother, Cincinnati, by the Rev. George A. Thayer, Jane, daughter of Mrs. H. H. Eckstein, to Irving Cox, of New York City.

Hall-Zabriskie.—Apr. 28, in Grace Church Chantry, by the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, Josephine B., daughter of Augustus Zabriskie, Esq., to Edward Ludlow Hall.

Stoddart-Boyd.—On 28 Apr., at St. John's Church, Clifton, Staten Island, by Rev. John C. Eccleston, D.D., assisted by Rev. George B. Quail, May Bonner Boyd, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Ogle Bird, to Mr. Lawrence Bowering Stoddart, of England.

Van Rensselaer-Grinnell.—At Nice, on Sat., 23 Apr., 1898, Lucy Josephine, daughter of the late Robert Minturn Grinnell, to Frederick Harold Rensselaer, son of John King Van Rensselaer.

WEDDINGS

Dresser-Vanderbilt.—Miss Edith Stuyvesant Dresser, daughter of the late Capt. George Warren Dresser, U. S. A., to Mr. George W. Vanderbilt, son of the late Mr. William H. Vanderbilt.

Powell-Applewhite.—Miss Edith Powell, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel James W. Powell, to Lieut. Hugh La Fayette Applewhite, U. S. A.

Worden-Lowell.—Miss Harriet Worden, daughter of Mr. Daniel T. Worden, of New York, to Mr. James B. Lowell, grandson of the late James Russell Lowell.

WEDDINGS TO COME

Frelinghuysen-Connon.—Mr. Theodore Frelinghuysen and Mrs. Harry Le Grand Connon, daughter of Mr. William Thompson of Detroit, will be married at the residence of the bride, 60 Fifth Ave., on Thu., 2 June.

Hamlin-Pruyn.—Mr. Charles Sumner Hamlin and Miss Huybertie Lansing Pruyn, daughter of the late John V. L. Pruyn of Albany, will be married in Albany on Sat., 4 June.

DINNERS

Gray.—Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Gray gave a dinner last week at their residence, 4 W. 16th St., in honor of Mrs. Harry Le Grand Cannon, who is engaged to Mr. Theodore Frelinghuysen, a brother of Mrs. Gray.

Pollock.—Mr. and Mrs. William Pollock gave a dinner last week at Delmonico's. Present were Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Wysong, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Childs, Mr. and Mrs. David Thompson and Mrs. Isaac Iselin.

LUNCHEONS

Furniss.—The Misses Furniss gave a large luncheon last week at their residence, 461 Fifth Ave.

McClellan.—Mrs. George McClellan gave a luncheon last Thursday at her residence in Philadelphia, in honor of the original Society of Colonial Dames. Among those who went from New York were Mrs. James W. Gerard, Mrs. Edward King, Mrs. John Lyon Gardiner.

CLUBS

Winter Club.—A new club has been organized for the season of '99, which will meet for twelve Thursday evenings, beginning 26 Jan. Badminton, indoor golf, tennis, roller skating and other games will afford the amusement. Mr. Francis Johnstone Hopson, president; Mr. Paul Gibert Thebaud, vice president; Mr. Howard Willets, secretary and treasurer.

UNIVERSITY BASE BALL

PRINCETON-YALE-HARVARD SERIES
14 May, Harvard vs. Princeton, at Princeton.
28 May, Princeton vs. Harvard, at Cambridge.



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30 G U E



PRINCESS TEA GOWN OF EMBROIDERED CHINESE SILK

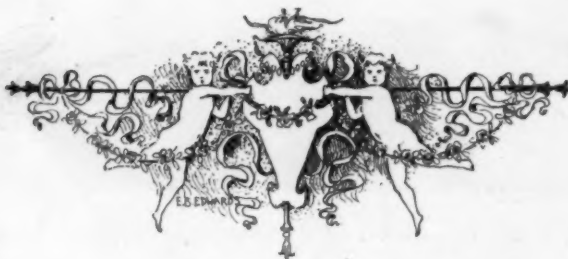


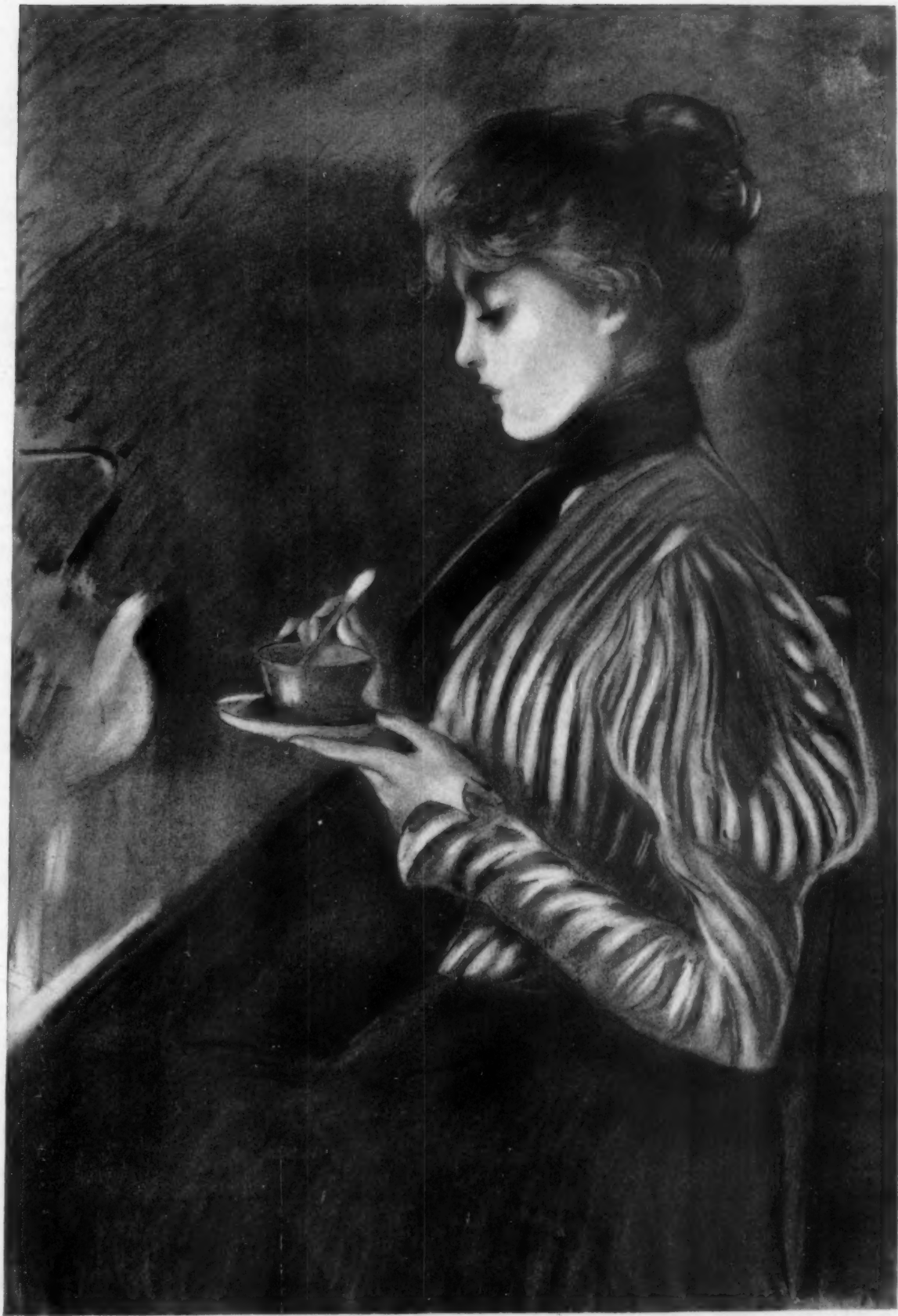
IF again and again on this page the clergy are admonished to have a care for their words it is because of a keen realization of the loosening of the ecclesiastic's hold on the world. Never were Christian clergy subjected to more intelligent criticism, their word being now estimated by the standard of facts, as presented in secular departments of knowledge.

A usual and most unfortunate habit of the clergy is to claim that all meritorious achievements as well as all the virtues of mankind are the direct outcome of Christianity as taught by its advocates, but they steadfastly refuse to acknowledge the evil that has resulted and does result from the mistakes of the clergy and the Church. The world of to-day has a passion for challenging authority and demanding that pretensions be based upon actuality; the dictum of the clergy is no more impressive to large and ever increasing numbers of intelligent self-respecting people than the pronouncement of secular bodies. This may be a deplorable fact but it is a fact nevertheless and no good can possibly result from shirking it. Indeed, there are those who make bold to say that the influence of the clergy is forever abated, and among those who hold this opinion is the brilliant Frenchman who in the course of some re-

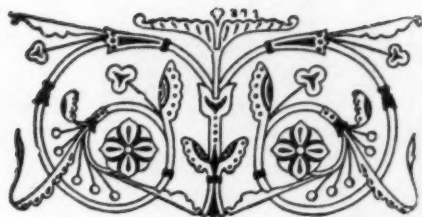
cently delivered lectures pointed out that the writer has superseded the ecclesiastic as guide and teacher of the public.

Outside of church communion there are nearly fifty millions of people in this country alone. Most of these non-believers are readers of at least the daily journal, many of them take the better class of books and magazines, and a goodly number are students. This large army of the religiously indifferent will not be drawn to religious creeds by exaggerated claims on the part of those who set up as expounders of those creeds. When as recently happened a clergyman claims that the formal announcement of the abandonment of privateering by the United States was the result of Christian teaching, the millions who read the daily journals know that owing to the changed conditions in maritime affairs, which have come about in the course of years, privateering is no longer profitable and hence its abandonment. This is a fair example of the misconception of facts that so frequently mars the utterances of clergymen, and which begets in the minds of the non-creed professing multitude a suspicion of the honesty of the clergy and of the divine sanction of the creeds they profess.





THE MODEL



HAPHAZARD JOTTINGS

Public conveyances are not, as a rule, notable for the display of good breeding, indeed on most of the car lines both surface and elevated the passengers behave like mannerless mobs. The Fifth Avenue stages offer a charming and distinguished exception to the average of bad manners. The woman who enters one of these stages, even though she be unfashionably dressed, will receive every courtesy from the well groomed, well gowned women who are the usual patrons of this line. These passengers move up to make room, they offer to pass the fare, and when a woman passenger signals to stop they sit well back in their seats and they gather their skirts and umbrellas out of the way and make the path down the stage floor as wide as possible. Nowhere else in New York is as much courtesy displayed in public as can be seen and experienced any day in the week in a Fifth Avenue stage.

* *

One effect of the war in which we are engaged is that a tremendous impetus has been given to the sale to boys of all ages of explosives, toy guns and toy pistols. They engage in imaginary wars and their war talk is of killing and wounding; sometimes, as was the case with the unfortunate Staten Island boy, they are themselves slain in reality. The effect of all this appealing to the primeval savage instinct which delights in scenes of carnage and physical torture is greatly to be deplored, and it surely was not of embryo savages like these that the Master said "for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

* *

The scene was a bank which does an active business at its ladies' window. A line of a dozen women at half past two patiently waited for cash girls at the head of the line to make long-winded deposits. There entered a middle class woman who walked quickly up near the head of the line and waited. An observant woman suspected the newcomer meant to slip in out of her turn; this she did, and the observant one challenged her and drew the attention of the teller to her dishonorable conduct—for dishonorable it is to steal another's place. A second time the sneak tried to slip in, and a second time she was stopped, not by the teller but by the original protestor. Still a third time the latter left her place in the line. The objectionable woman left shortly after, but whether the teller paid her or not could not be seen. When it came the protesting woman's turn to present her check the teller descended to a petty exhibition of spite. When the check she wished to cash was presented he passed it over to a second clerk to have the signature identified, a process which consumed so much time that some four or five women were waited on before the check was returned with signature certified, the woman meanwhile being kept

standing by the window. The woman was known by sight to the teller, he had cashed checks for similar amounts for her weekly for months, and her signature had never before been challenged by him. The woman ignored the impertinence for the time being. Unfortunately for the teller, however, the woman is known to the bank officials, as she has had dealings with another department for several years, and his case was carried to the president. The incident is set down here as a confirmation of the theory that spite knows no sex.

A CAREER AND WHAT CAME OF IT

The exhibition did not interest Allerton. The pictures were either commonplace or poster-like—the visitors likewise. One picture alone seemed truly great to him. It was called *Memories*, but instead of the purple-gray sentimentality of a landscape or the lackadaisical figure of a woman which its name suggested, it was a simple bit of home life. An old man, seated in an easy chair in a plainly furnished room, was gazing lovingly upon a young girl who had just unwrapped an American flag and was about to drape it over an old blue uniform and a battered musket. The old soldier—for such one felt the man must be—wore an expression half of tenderness for the girl, half of pride at the memories of glorious victories won under that banner. The whole picture breathed a naturalness and a simplicity felt by even the least sympathetic. Allerton returned to it often. By and by he noticed an old couple who, wandering at intervals through the rooms, always returned to the bench in front of that particular picture. Allerton watched them for a minute. The man was a clergyman, whose old-fashioned garments and worn face told of a life spent in poor parishes. Yet old and shabby as his clothing was and rustic as his air, he still had a nobility and refinement that differentiated him from the crowd around him. His wife had a sweet, pale face under a meek black bonnet. Allerton wondered what they were doing at an exhibition of pictures. Then he turned to the painting before him once more. "It's good," he murmured. "By Jove! it is good! I didn't know the little devil had it in her."

"You are interested in that picture, sir?" said a gentle voice. (The old lady was speaking.) "You think it a good one?"

"Immensely good. Quite unusual."
"My husband and I are deeply interested as is but natural. The artist is our daughter."

"Pauline Huntington your daughter?"
"Yes"—then eagerly—"do you know her?"

"A little. I have met her—at the house of a friend—a lady," answered Allerton, confusedly.

The old lady did not notice, but went on, eagerly:

"Yes, she is our daughter, though I find it hard to believe it when I look at that picture—it is her father. My husband was a captain in Grant's army—the fighting parson," they called him. Polly—my daughter—used to bring out his uniform and the flag time and time again, just like the picture. It seems as if my little daughter were with us again." The old lady's voice faltered and stopped. The old gentleman coughed and looked at Allerton suspiciously.

"It is a fine picture," said the young man again.

"I'm afraid we are sinfully proud of it," went on the old lady cheerfully again, talking out of her heart to the stranger with a touching simplicity. "It's sort a triumph for us as well as for her. She is all we have, our two sons and a baby daughter died long ago. She was crazy after pictures from her babyhood. A pencil and paper would keep her quiet for hours. When she grew up we sent her to New York for a winter. It was a great strain upon us to do so, for my husband's charge is a small one in a poor part of the country [the old lady made this statement with a gentle dignity which forbade the listener even a passing pity] but we managed to do it. Polly—it's our baby name for her, we can't think of her as grown up—made wonderful progress; her teachers said she must go to Paris. All our friends said, 'No, you must not think of it, the expense is enormous and the life of Paris too full of temptations for any young girl.' It is true we felt the expense sadly at first, but now Polly earns a great deal of money herself. That great wicked city did frighten me for my beautiful little girl, so young and so alone. For I trusted my daughter. I knew her bringing up and her own true nature would keep her safe," the old voice was solemn with deep feeling now.

"I'd rather she'd never draw a line than be like some Americans in Paris," broke in the old man sternly, "but she writes us twice a week—letters which remove all fear."

The two were silent a minute gazing in tearful happiness at the picture. Allerton looked steadily at the wall. The canvas seemed to fade before his eyes, another took its place. He saw a studio in Paris with men and women seated on couches, or moving about the room; men whose faces were flushed with wine and haggard with many a past debauch. Women whose names were as common as the dust of the highway. All were laughing, drinking, singing street songs, telling evil stories. In the midst, on the raised dais for the model, sat the queen of the feast. She was a beautiful girl, young still, but with all the bloom and charm of youth gone. Her great eyes blazed with excitement. Her cheeks glowed, and from her red lips issued a song the words of which made Allerton, accustomed to such scenes as he was, shudder:

"Bravo! Pauline! I drink to your health! Pauline Huntington, the beautiful American, forever!" and he ended his toast with a sudden kiss.

"I have a theory of all art," the old man's voice sounded in Allerton's ears as in a dream, "that only the noble can do noble work. I think only a pure, sweet girl like my daughter could paint a picture like that."

Allerton shook his head sadly, "I don't know, I have seen so much that contradicted that," and again the scene was before him.

"We want our daughter home," broke in the old lady, "but she begs for a little more time, it's three years now already. We would like to go to her but the expense and our age forbid."

"I believe I am right," went on the old man unheeding his wife. "No one can do noble work without a noble soul; it may be hidden by follies, and sins even, but it is underneath all and will in the end shine forth gloriously," the old man's face was lighted with a look of loving faith.

(Continued on page 286)



STADLER & FALK, NEW YORK
Exhibited in Vogue's Third Annual Model Doll Show

(Continued from page 284)

Allerton felt a great pity clutch at his heart for these two gentle souls whose whole treasure was freighted on one frail ship, now so near eternal shipwreck. "God grant you are right," he said softly.

Mary Dwight.



GIOVANNI AMBROSINO

Giovanni Ambrosino, a young Italian tenor, who has been singing successfully in various New York drawing-rooms during the past month, comes from Sorrento, and belongs to a hotel of that place.

He has had the honor of singing before the Prince of Naples and Queen Margherita, of Italy, who accorded him especial notice. He is a great favorite with Mrs. F. Marion Crawford, the wife of the novelist, and has sung very often in her pretty villa overhanging the sea, on the high Sorrento Cliffs.

Vogue printed last September an account of the Tarantella Company, and its star, Ambrosino, and thus was the first to introduce him to a New York public.

His beautiful voice and dramatic talent attracted the attention of the many Americans who pass through Sorrento, and he was finally persuaded to try his luck here. Within a very short time after his arrival he had sung at Mr. James L. Breese's studio, at a musicale at the rooms of Mr. Clifford Putnam, and another at the house of Mrs. Walter L. Suydam, and was received with marked favor at all.

Ambrosino has magnetism and charm, and an infinite, though quite unconscious, capacity for making friends, which should stand him in good stead in his career.

He sings in the costume of the Tarantella, which used to be the national dress of his country in the days when this world was still picturesque, and he and his songs, the ballads of the Sorrentine people, seem to bring back the sunny land of Italy, a glimpse of the blue Italian sky, till one sees behind him as a background, not a modern drawing-room, but the fair bay of Naples, the feathery smoke of Vesuvius, the wealth of flower and foliage and beauty that run riot everywhere in his native land.

THE TRAGEDY OF A STAGE COACH

"**Y**OU want me, a prosaic old woman, to tell you a thrilling ghost story, one full of curdles. How can I when I don't know any? I shall tell you a story, girls, however, which though not supernatural yet seems to me sufficiently blood-curdling for anyone. It happened to me nearly thirty years ago. For a long time I never told a soul, I could not bear to think of it.

"One night my husband and I were returning from the theatre very late; we had stopped for a little supper over which we had lingered. When we left the restaurant we entered a stage—there were other stages in New York besides the Fifth Avenue ones in those days. It was a miserable, rainy night, the streets were deserted, the lights looked dim and sickly in the fog, everything had a gloomy appearance. The coach was empty and for several blocks remained so. Then at a dark corner a party of young men hailed it. They were three in number and very much intoxicated, for they were forced to cling tightly to one another to keep upright. They had linked their arms together. The one in the middle was the most intoxicated for he had to be fairly dragged into the coach. All three wore long cloaks with hoods which were pulled over their faces. They rode in silence for a while, lurching from side to side with the uneven movements of the stage. At length the one on the right said thickly:

"Well, fellows, this is my corner. Hope you'll get home safe."

"He jumped out. In a few moments the man on the left said to his companion:

"Got to leave you here, you know. Good night."

"He stumbled or fell out and was swallowed up in the darkness. The last man made no answer. He was seated opposite us, and left to himself swayed fearfully. Suddenly the coach gave a huge lunge. The figure lurched violently forwards on top of us. My husband gave him an impatient push upright, exclaiming:

"Are you so drunk that you can't hold yourself up?"

"The next minute he sprang to his feet, white and trembling. I, too, sprang up filled with one desire—to reach the street. Without attracting the notice of the driver we jumped to the ground and ran like terrified children down the dismal street. Across another we hurried, up a third. Not until we were at our own house did we stop.

"Did you see?" panted my husband.

"Oh, yes," I shivered back.

"Girls, the man was a corpse; his throat was cut down to the bone. Both my husband and I had been seized with the same idea, that discovered alone in the coach at that hour with a murdered man by a stupid driver who could not be made to believe that the man had been

(Continued on page 290)



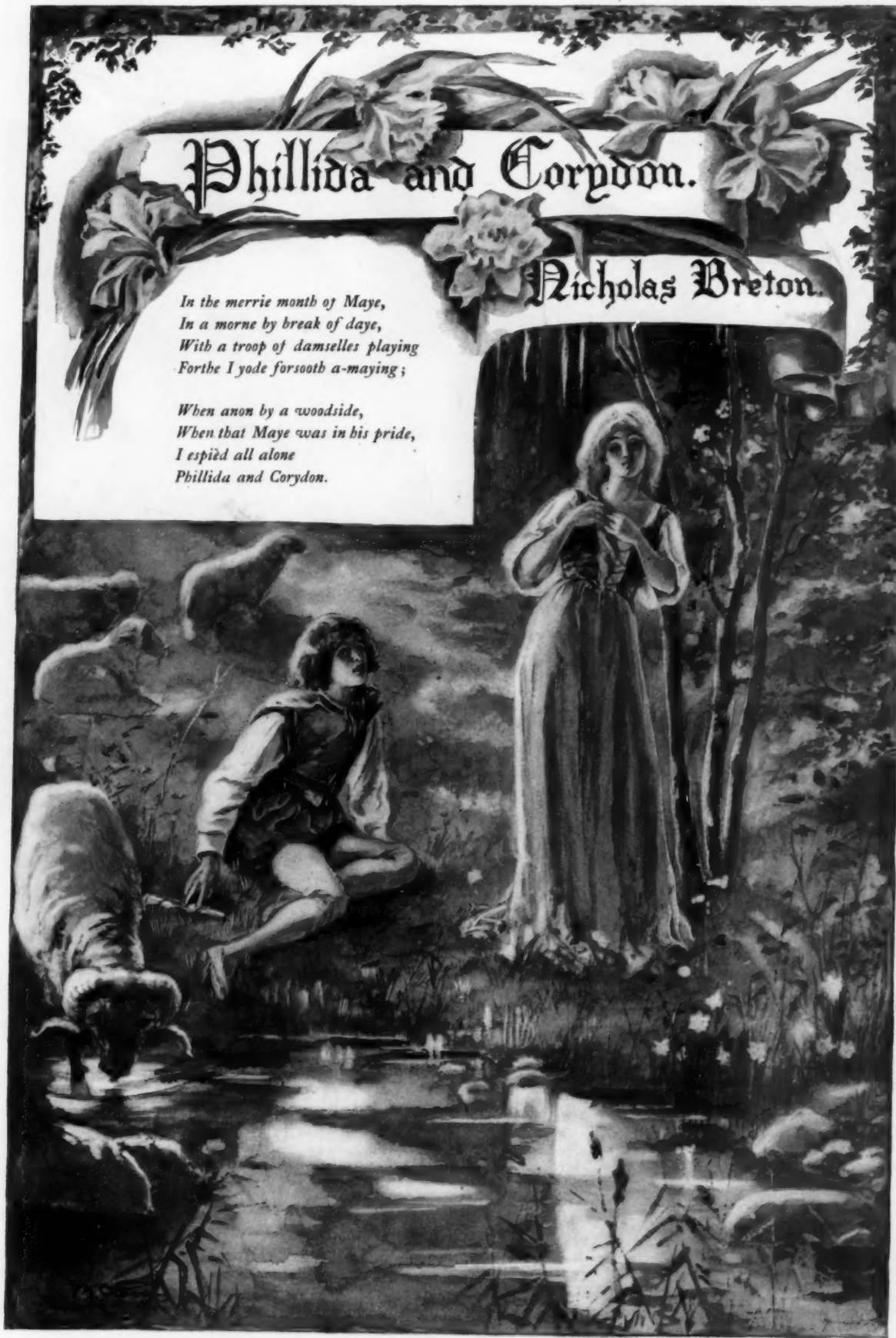
TAILOR-MADES

Phillida and Corydon.

Nicholas Breton.

*In the merrie month of Maye,
In a morne by break of daye,
With a troop of damselles playing
Forthe I yode forsooth a-maying;*

*When anon by a woodside,
When that Maye was in his pride,
I espièd all alone
Pbillida and Corydon.*



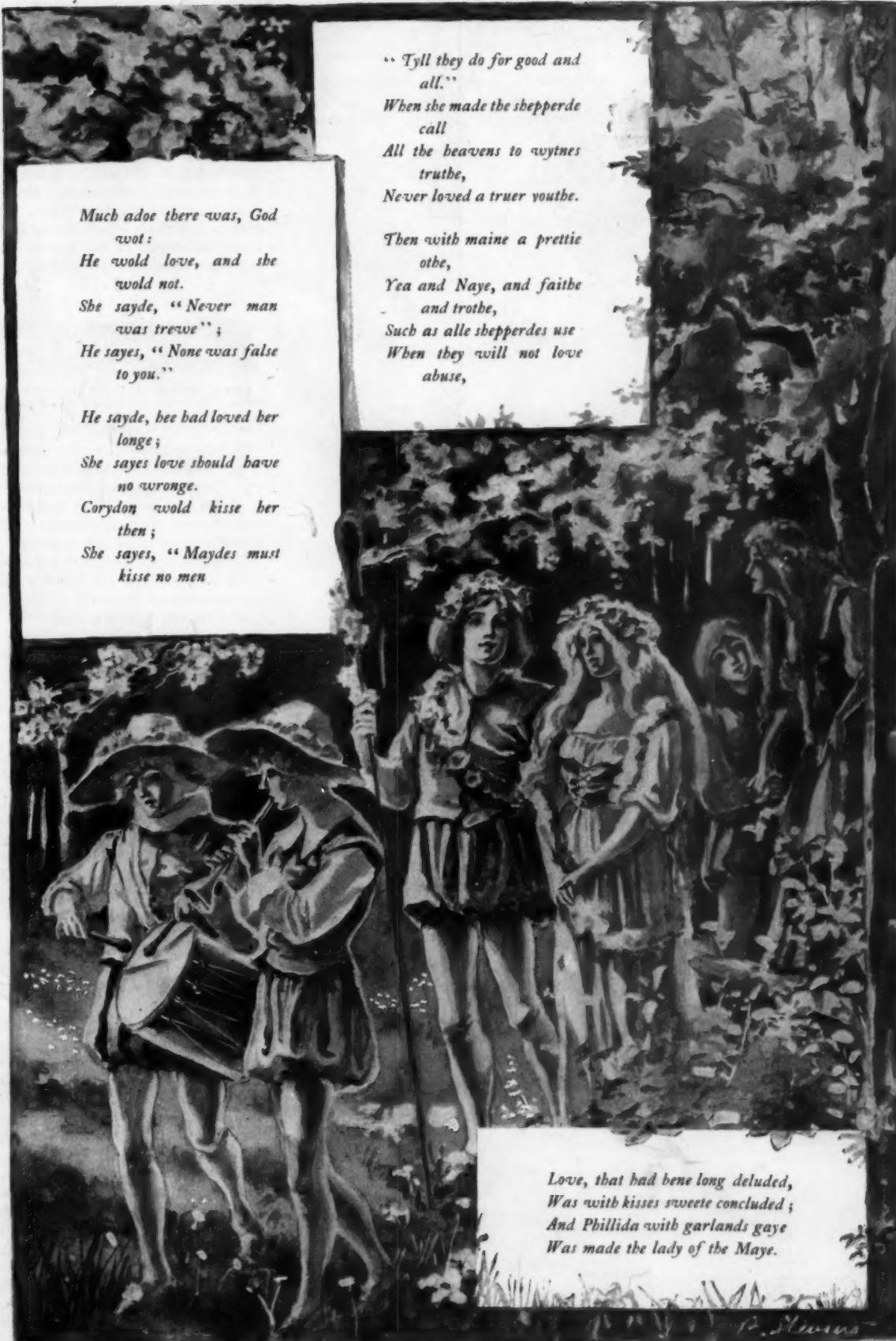
Much ado there was, God wot:
He wold love, and she wold not.
She sayde, "Never man was trewe";
He sayes, "None was false to you."

He sayde, hee had loved her longe;
She sayes love should have no wronge.
Corydon wold kisse her then;
She sayes, "Maydes must kisse no men."

"Tyll they do for good and all."

When she made the shepperde call
All the heavens to wytnes truthe,
Never loved a truer youthe.

Then with maine a prettie othe,
Yea and Naye, and faithe and trothe,
Such as alle shepperdes use
When they will not love abuse,



Love, that had bene long deluded,
Was with kisses sweete concluded;
And Phillida with garlands gaye
Was made the lady of the Maye.



MIDSUMMER GOWN

(Continued from page 286)

brought in dead, no one could tell in what complication we might not find ourselves.

"The body was found at the end of the route. For days the papers were full of the excitement. The murdered man was wealthy and of good family but dissipated. He was in the habit of carrying about a good deal of ready money. He might have been murdered for that and his body thus disposed of. He might have been killed in a fight in some disreputable place and his companions too terrified for themselves to seek the police. Nothing was ever known about it beyond the fact that he was found murdered in the coach. Our share in the affair we concealed for years."

Mary Dwight.

SEEN IN THE SHOPS

[Note—Readers of Vogue inquiring names of shop where articles are purchasable should enclose stamped and addressed envelope for reply.]
See illustrations on opposite page.

The odors of spring suggest perfumes of all kinds and in artistically prepared scents, as well as in nature, the violet holds its own successfully against all rivals. A concentrated extract, delicate and lasting, has lately been imported. It is known as *Violettes D'Algérie* prepared by the Parisian chemist, Léon Libert. It is for sale here, and costs 87 cents per bottle.

As the tiny folk are always the first to appear in spring attire, the shop windows and counters are filled with the daintiest little dresses, coats and hats this week.

To begin with the hats for very wee girls, a charming style was a pointed crown of coarse yellow straw, the brim being formed by a double ruffle of pink lawn with a frilled piece of the same on the crown, which also forms a bow on the side.

A hat to be worn by either a baby boy or girl is made of organdie in pink, blue or white, has a tam-o'shanter crown with a frill on the top, a deep plaited brim of the same edged with lace and beaded with a band of yellow straw. Pretty little sun bonnets, in plain white or striped pink or blue lawn may be bought in sizes from eight months up to four years for 65 cents. These little bonnets are always fashionable, becoming and economical as they are made so that by untying strings they can be easily laundered.

A smart little hat for a girl from ten to twelve years of age, is a brown Dunstable and is simply trimmed with a band and bow of brown and tan fancy braid, and three brown quills. Crown is a tam o'shanter effect, and makes an extremely smart and appropriate hat for either school or traveling, and may be bought for \$3.50.

Sailor dresses are very popular. A pretty blue serge for a four-year-old girl has an adjustable vest and collar of crash appliquéd in a design of blue piqué and white braid, which may be removed, as there is a serge collar and vest underneath. This size may be bought for \$7, a six-year-old size for \$7.50, eight years for \$8, and ten-year-old size for \$8.50, making it a pretty and serviceable dress for a moderate price.

A smart white duck dress for a girl of eight years, has the blouse opened in front like a mess jacket over vest of red duck, embroidered with a star in red and white, to match the de-

sign on the corner of the large red sailor. The skirt is of a plain white duck with a belt like the cuffs, etc., of red duck. This pretty frock may be bought for \$10.50, and is made in sizes of four to eight, and in the combination of blue and white as well as the red.

Reefers are quite as popular as ever and are shown for all sizes and ages. A very handsome one is of rather a bright blue serge lined with striped silk, and fastened with brass buttons. With this jacket is worn a wide white piqué collar edged with a deep ruffle of embroidery. Extra adjustable collars may be bought in square sailor effect of white piqué, edged with five rows of braid, also in linen or crash for \$1.75 each or in light blue duck for \$2.50.

A tan piqué reefer is very pretty with a deep collar of fancy white piqué edged with a deep tan-colored lace, and large white pearl buttons down the front, and may be bought in sizes from four to six years of age for \$6.

For a very little child reefers are made in white Bedford cord lined with pink, blue or cream silk. One lined with pink has a yoke and box-plaited effect below with a deep pointed collar edged with ruffled pink satin ribbon, the epaulettes and cuffs being edged to match, a pink ribbon to tie it together in the front. Such a little jacket costs \$7.50.

White piqué pelisses are worn by the best dressed children, and may be bought in sizes from six months to two years for \$6; they are made with deep collars trimmed with rich embroidery.



GLIMPSES

WHY—

Should hair waving-pins remain old fashioned by crimping small waves when fashion exacts large loose ones? The hair-dresser who will furnish a larger waving-pin has a fortune in store, if speedily furnished.

THAT—

One of the signs of having spent part of your winter on the Riviera is that you can show the loveliest of Roman sashes, and wear silk hose to match, that is, your pearl-grays, rose-pinks, yellows, etc., are ringed round with Roman stripes from toe to top. The effect is betwitting.

HOW—

Much better the long narrow buckle looks on the back of the belt than either oval or

square ones. It often takes months after a fashion is once launched for the development of what is best and prettiest in its use.

THE TAILOR-MADE GIRL—

Must remember four things, if she is bent on smartness. First, the prominent or predominating color of her hat trimming must be



that trimmed skirts are frightfully trying to most women.

AT THE SAME WEDDINGS—

Not one woman in twenty has her hair suitably dressed to wear with her hat. Result—the hat looks queer and the woman lacks style.



THAT—

Green has become as smart in interior house decorations as it is modish in gowns and hats. Drawing-room furniture made entirely of highly polished mottled sea-green wood, for



repeated. Second, that repetition must be made either in a fancy waist, vest, or fancy front. Third, the collar band or cravat must match the color of waist, vest or front, when it is not all white. Fourth, the parasol or sun umbrella should also repeat the same color, but not necessarily the same shade.

GOING TO WEDDINGS—

This spring brings convincing proof that the style of making gowns is far too fussy, too minute in detail to be effective en masse and

country houses, enchants the eye when fitted with cerise, orange or blue silk pillows and mattresses.

Communications must be signed with the name and address of the sender. No others will receive consideration with a view to publication.

SEEN IN THE SHOPS ILLUSTRATIONS

WHAT SHE WEARS

There is nothing develops the acute, critical, feminine faculty to such a degree as attending church weddings. It must be confessed that bridal gowns fail to im-



MRS. H. P. COLEGROVE IN HER CROSS SADDLE HABIT

press the assembled lookers-on more frequently than they elicit praise, and it is owing to the fact that no other gown requires so much innate smartness or style to carry it off—and we all know what a rare quality that is. Then there is something to be said about wearing real lace which is now the seal of elegance. Brides of twenty-five and over often wear it becomingly, but younger brides lose all their freshness and charm when their youth is smothered under Alençon, or any of the old laces—heirlooms though they may be. The rule for bridal gowns worn by young women should embrace, above all things, a becoming simplicity, which ignores rigidity or stiffness. Their veils should always be clouds of tulle, than which nothing is lovelier. By the way, there is a pretty touch in the arrangement of tulle veils on the head, and that is to pull up a loop en aigrette on the top before posing the flowers. A small wreath of orange-blossom buds, set like a coronet, is extremely becoming to some heads.

It would be advisable to do more experimenting with the hanging of veils than brides-elect generally do. It is usually left until the last moment, when the person engaged to arrange it sees her cliente for the first time perhaps. It is needless to say that it requires some study to drape a head with grace and becomingness, and that it is always a chance that one can hit it off the first time.

From a clothes point of view, we have no function which brings in evidence what is worn and emphasizes more definitely what is no longer smart, than a wedding gathering. Women of taste, faultlessly set up, act upon other eager observers as object-lessons in fashion. Professionally viewed, a crowd of women wearing foreign and home gowns (and by the latter is understood charming modifications as well as duplications of Paris models), there is, in spite of an endless variety, the exploitation

of a few general and familiar ideas, nothing more.

The trimmed skirt has made its way and is well represented everywhere, especially in small check taffetas and black ones. Very fresh and attractive was one in apple-green and white check silk, having a skirt of nine bias flounces, bound with a plain green taffeta fold stitched on the upper side only. A round bodice on the bias, with a match green plain taffeta empicement tucked in squares and seamed into epaulettes. In front it dipped into a point, showing a very dainty lace chemisette, while the neck band of lace also finished at the back with wings of green silk. Two lace rosettes, studded with steel buttons, decorated the lower left side, as the silk of bodice was carried over. The trimming on the edge of empicement consisted of three narrow crisp taffeta frills plissé, of the same shade, having between each frill a side plaiting of narrow white lace. Belt and bow of taffeta matching this trimming made a pretty simple finish to bodice. Graduated folds of checked taffeta formed the long sleeves, which at the wrist had a narrow plain green plissé.

How many pretty combinations of colored cachemires and colored silks this model suggests, where passementeries and applications in ivory or cream white might be so advantageously used, if not those deeper tones of the same color which has become modish! This model would also be extremely smart reproduced in black taffeta, combined with cachemire or nun's veiling, or carrying out the parts in taffeta alone. Among many smart women there is a desire to take up black taffeta gowns for their possible smartness, but with this inclination comes an expressed fear that they are doomed to be "common," as the cheap varieties of this silk are legion and a supposed economy influences the multitudes. A poor taffeta is about the worst investment possible. Nothing but the best quality produces any effect—then a woman with chic may risk it.

What may really be called a novelty, and one of the ultra smart things worn on the "other side," are black satin coats, beautifully adorned with ivory and cream-white applications of heavy lace or lace passementeries. These coats come under the Louis xv order, which means that their basques are at least

nine inches deep, that they have revers and collar, and, if faithfully reproduced, have at their sides flap pockets and to their sleeves cuffs.

There is also a new model cape, both stately and matronly. Both front and back does it dip into points which fall below the hips, and there is a flounce set over the arm which gives the effect of half or elbow sleeves. This garment will produce its best effect only when built of richest silks or velvets, in combination with fine jet-work and costly lace.

Tailor-made gowns have their jaunty short jackets or blouse bodices trimmed effectively with white poplin or bengaline revers and collar, latticed over with narrow bands of cloth, satin, velvet or ribbon. They are to be recognized as the newest of the season.

We all know the indissoluble connection between musical genius and long hair; but what occult influence can there be in intellect in women, particularly of the strong-minded sort, and low-neck dresses? Décolleté gowns, such as are of course de rigueur for evening wear are not here meant, but has not every observant person noticed that a certain type of clever woman finds it impossible to dress her throat in the orthodox style of the day, be that the stock, the linen collar or any variety of neckwear which comes above the collar-bones? No matter what the fashion may be, or whether she herself be plump (with the neck which accompanies several chins), or lean to scrawniness, it seems to be a necessity of life to wear either a gown en coeur, one with round neck or wind about the throat a simple kerchief fastened with a brooch. If the projectors of rainy day clubs could only find the same enthusiasm of conviction in their members, the rainy day dress would soon be a reality instead of a dream and a name.



VIEW OF HABIT WHEN ON HORSEBACK

Toilet waters are being superseded by toilet sachets; the latter are dropped in a basin for washing the face, or in tub for bathing. They come in great variety and for many different purposes, warranted to beautify and improve the complexion, and render the skin of velvet smoothness.



5005



5003



5004



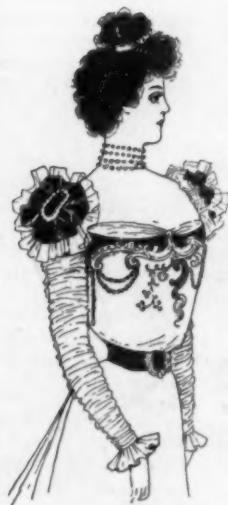
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FOR DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS SEE ANOTHER PAGE

THE BACHELOR GIRL

HER FIRST STEPS AND THE PROTESTS IT EVOKED

I Was born a bachelor, but of course several years elapsed, in fact I had attained my majority (as they say in English rural novels), before my predestination to this career became obvious. Up to that time people acknowledged threatening indications by calling me queer, while elderly persons who wished to be disagreeable said that I was independent. Not that this characterization was disagreeable to me; they meant it to be, however. Some of them were relatives, more or less removed, and it hurt them to think that the unblemished escutcheon of the family should be invaded by the pen rampant and shirt-collar, saltier-wise, argent, of the bachelor girl.

But I was fated from my cradle. There is a legend that in those early days I displayed an unholy fondness for ink, delighting in Caw's Jet Black Fluid both as a beverage and as a means of personal adornment. I took to the pen rampant and masculine neck-gear also at a tender age and persistently clung to them in spite of repeated warnings that nothing else was so fatal to matrimonial prospects. The prediction of my elderly relatives has so far been justified. I did not marry. The alternative of course was a profession.

The day when it became evident that I was irretrievably committed to this alternative was a solemn one in the family circle. I was about to leave that domestic haven, heaven only knew for what port. I was going to New York to earn my own bread and butter and to live alone. My aunts and cousins shuddered at the thought. I think they were convinced the pen rampant would prove a broken reed, and that I should become a public charge. They would have been glad to know at least that I was going to live at the Margaret Louisa Home or some other duly chaperoned institution, but even this poor comfort was denied them.

At this juncture my uncle Elia felt it his duty to give me a few brief words of friendly warning and advice. That is, he lectured me for half an hour, and ended by imploring me, on his knees almost, to think better of it, and marry. If he had thought this consummation, devoutly wished by the family council, could have been helped on in any such manner, I am sure Uncle Elia would have knelt, though he is short and fat and I am five feet ten, tailor-made and cool—in short, not at all the sort of person any man would choose to kneel to.

I said as much pleasantly to Uncle Elia when he had finished his picture of the bliss of wedded life to his own satisfaction. Uncle Elia besides being, as I observed, short and fat, is very learned, consequently dyspeptic, consequently as short in temper as in stature. I could not help recalling, while he held my hand and begged me to pause while there was still time to choose the true and only feminine, the orthodox and creditable path to happiness, I could not but recall, I say, how Uncle Elia used to quarrel with Aunt Florinda about his meals.

He insisted, for instance, on having a different kind of hot bread for breakfast every morning, though all kinds of hot bread disagreed with him dreadfully, one sort just as much as another. Now I have always been accustomed to take my morning coffee and rolls in bed, and the mere nebulous idea of a possible contingency which would compel me to be interested in the breakfast of someone else—who possi-

bly might some day look like Uncle Elia and quarrel with the menu—was preposterous.

"I could never marry a man who breakfasted," I said, gazing absently at Uncle Elia's bald spot.

When Uncle Elia loses his temper the top of his head gets crimson, and as he usually loses his temper when he talks to me, I had fallen into the way of observing and even watching for this phenomenon, which was the only interesting thing about Uncle Elia anyway. In fact sometimes when he was a little slower than usual about getting in a rage with me, I used to exasperate him on purpose.

"Breakfast?" said Uncle Elia, perplexedly—but he caught at the rest of the sentence as a straw of hope—"why, dear child," he cried, "think over what I have said. It is all very well for a few years now, I suppose, to play at being independent, but consider your youth, charming as it is, will not last forever. [Uncle Elia had a way of coating the pill of truth with a thin layer of gallantry which deceived nobody.] Have you looked forward to the time when you will be, say forty? Have you considered that a lonely old maid of forty—"

This was too much. Fixing my eyes on the top of Uncle Elia's head, I said, firmly:

"Uncle, I will settle two points for you. You exhort me in a fervent but vague manner to marry, implying that there are hordes of suitors for my hand, and that I have only to shut my eyes and select one. Now, this assumption, while flattering to my vanity, is as a matter of fact groundless. I have to inform you, Uncle Elia, that at present there is no eligible man at my disposal, and I fear it is too late now to acquire the art of angling. When you insist that I shall marry instead of going on a newspaper, you forget that man proposes. Then," I continued, waiving Uncle Elia's protest, "you ask me if I look forward to being a lonely old maid of forty? I answer no, for two reasons. First—because the principal joy of being independent is to take no thought for the morrow, much less a morrow a score of years removed. Second—and conclusively, I never shall be an old maid, because I have elected to be a Girl Bachelor. And as to regretting this choice, you know the saying of the philosopher, 'Whether you marry or not, you will regret it.' I prefer negative to positive regret, that's all."

I thought I detected a shade of sympathetic gloom on Uncle Elia's face. We dropped the marriage question for good and all.

A WORD FOR THE MUCH-MALIGNED DISPENSARY DOCTOR

Not long ago it fell to my lot to secure admittance to a hospital for a poor man ill with pneumonia. I was obliged to go to the dispensary for an order from the physician who had diagnosed the case, and having been misinformed as to his hours I found that I had about three quarters of an hour to wait. Rather than retrace my steps I sat down in a corner of the doctor's office, where I became the not too willing witness of the subsequent proceedings. Three physicians sat at a large round table, and three streams of patients in all stages of dirt, squalor and unpleasantness came in the door, were interviewed, prescribed for and dismissed. In

the whole three quarters of an hour I did not hear a rough or impatient word from either of these young men, and in some instances they were notably tender and considerate. They were as thorough as was consistent with a reasonable despatch, and their questions, through long practice, were apt and to the point. When the one I was waiting for came, he gave me my order and took up his own work with the same cheerful alacrity and attention.

Then my troubles began. I was told that an ambulance call must be sent in from a police station, but as my patient was some twenty blocks away from the dispensary, I was puzzled to know whether to apply to the Precinct nearer his home or the one near the dispensary. So I went to the latter and, approaching the desk, handed over my order with a polite query as to the steps to be taken next. The official behind the desk looked at the order and shoved it at me with the remark: "This ain't police business; I ain't got anything to do with this."

"I am not asking you any favors—I came here for information and I expect you to give it to me. That is an order for the hospital, properly signed by Doctor —, and I wish to know where I go to call an ambulance."

"Oh, ah! I see; but so many orders come here signed by the janitor—I'll send an officer immediately. Here, Mitchell."

"I prefer that the officer should go with me at once; please call one. I have no time to waste."

"Certainly, Madame; he will be there in five minutes."

And he was; two of him—a big, kindly, genial Irishman, who called the sick man "Poppy" and cheered up the family (colored), and told them not to cry.

It was one-thirty when the call was sent in, and for two mortal hours that policeman and I walked up and down, up and down the very dirtiest side street in New York—he without any respite, I with an occasional trip to the sick man's room to warm my frozen feet and fingers.

My joy can be guessed when I saw this very man carefully helping the invalid into the ambulance of—Hospital under the rather sharp and caustic directions of the ambulance surgeon.

As to the kindness and care received by the sick man from that time until the day of his discharge, too much cannot be said, and the praise due may find place some day in another story with a sadder ending.



WHAT THEY READ

THE INCIDENTAL BISHOP. BY GRANT ALLEN.
IN EXTRACT

The author undertakes in this book to sketch the career of a man who permitted himself to be a victim of circumstances to the extent of eventually impersonating a bishop.

Tom Pringle, shipping as a sailor, finds himself in a slave ship, and he is made to take part in the capture of unfortunate savages. Owing to Tom's intervention a protesting missionary, Glisson, is saved from a watery grave and later Tom is detailed to perform the office of nurse for the clergyman, and out of this relation grows Tom's subsequent difficulties and successes.

"Accident, I hold, is answerable for much in most human lives; it was answerable for almost everything in Tom Pringle's. When he first decided to change his clothes hurriedly for Cecil Glisson's in the cabin of the John Wesley, on that critical evening, he had certainly no deeper intention than to escape for the moment from an awkward predicament into which chance had led him. He had taken a berth on the Labour vessel without the faintest idea of the true nature of the trade in which she was engaged; that first unfortunate step had involved his taking an unwilling part in the fight and capture of the blackfellows.

"When he saw the Avenger bearing down upon Bully Ford, he had had no thought beyond that of putting himself visibly on the right side, and disclaiming all share in the John Wesley's nefarious proceedings. Most assuredly he had not anticipated masquerading for a whole week in clerical dress as the dead man's representative. As soon as he discovered into what difficulties this one false step had landed him, his sole anxiety was next to get free from the coils of his deception. He desired to leave Sidney as early as possible; he wanted to find some homeward-bound ship on which he could bury himself once more in his native obscurity. Meanwhile, he had a sense that he was acting in private theatricals, dressed up for the singularly uncongenial part of an English curate.

"But the stars in their courses fought against Tom Pringle, and slowly compelled him to a continued deception. He was not well enough to go out for a week after he reached Sydney. As soon as he could move with safety, he determined in his own soul that he would slink away in Glisson's red-cross shirt; sell his uncomfortable new black parson suit for what it would fetch at a marine store dealer's; buy such other clothes as he could obtain with the money; and then sign articles for any voyage to any port on earth, provided only he could at once shuffle off this uncomfortable personality which his own rash act had foolishly thrust upon him.

"The crime of personating a priest is one which seems peculiarly heinous to all who accept the inherent sanctity of the clerical calling. Therefore I almost despair of making you understand by what gradual stages, and through what persistent freaks of fate, Tom Pringle fell slowly into this life-long deception. On board the Avenger, he said to himself, it was only till he could reach Sydney. At Sydney, it was only till he could steal away to Melbourne. After that fatal Sunday, it was only still till he could escape from the Strongs'. And when once he had fled, Olive Strong must fade away behind him with the rest of this strange phantasmagoric episode in the life of an adventurous Canadian sailor.

"Yet, what a horrible outlook! Must he go on for years with this odious deception? Must he begin love's dream under false pretences? Must he marry the woman he loved under another man's name? Must he shuffle off himself and pass his life henceforth with somebody else's personality? The thought was hateful to him. Had he had time to reflect, he would probably have decided that such a course was too dangerous.

Apart even from its wickedness, he would have doubted his own ability to sustain for long years so difficult a deception. But it was Tom Pringle's misfortune that he had never time to reflect, to deliberate, to resolve, at any one of these great crises. Events forced him to act at once; and, acting at once on the spur of the moment, without any fixed intention of embarking on a career of crime, he yet found himself led step by step, half against his will, into abysses unfathomable.

"Yet at each upward step, his life grew ever more and more unendurable to him. Had he been a really bad man, like Blackburne, the Buccaneer Bishop of the eighteenth century, he would not have felt it so deeply. Had he been a complete unbeliever, he might only have been impressed by the moral wrong of his deception. But what made it worse was that he was now in essence a churchman and an ecclesiologist."

How the matter ended for the Bishop the reader may find out by consulting the volume. (D. Appleton & Co.)

BOOK REVIEWS

THE TALES OF JOHN OLIVER HOBBS

Four of the earlier stories of Mrs. Craigie are reprinted in this book, including Some Emotions and a Moral, the one which made her reputation. This reprint is evidently intended to appeal to those admirers of the work of John Oliver Hobbes who, it happens, have long languished for a volume containing this earlier work. There is no disputing about tastes, and Mrs. Craigie is such a vastly clever woman that she will always appeal to a certain temporary audience. To consider her books as literature is another question. It must be suspected that the majority of her readers find her cold pessimism repulsive, and see in her genius an unhappy combination of trousers and a corset. Her style is admittedly sparkling, but it is the sparkle of fireworks not of lightning. To read her in quantity is to have an indigestion of epigram, and to necessitate copious doses of the pap and water platitudes of a George H. Hepworth for relief. (F. A. Stokes & Co.)

THE DISASTER. BY PAUL AND VICTOR MARGUERITTE

The authors are sons of a French General officer who perished before Sedan; one of them has seen service in the field, and they wrote of the deplorable scenes in the French army in the Franco-Prussian war with first hand knowledge. Good books about the events which led up to the deposing of Napoleon III, the fall of Sedan, and the siege of Paris are exceedingly rare, and any addition, such as the present, to their number is especially welcome. The Disaster purports to be a novel but in reality the stirring incidents of the war are strung upon the slight thread of one man's personality. The Marguerittes present a succession of brilliantly drawn pictures, and it is safe to say that never was the state of disorganization and unreadiness of France for the struggle she sought for herself so cleverly painted. It is not a great novel, it is not great history, but it explains France's failure to justify the Napoleonic legend better than a library of war record.

Mr. Frederic Lees, who removed from the book the French in which it was originally written adds a particularly inept introduction, in which he says that The Disaster is like Zola's Downfall except that it reminds him more of Stephen Crane. One of the disadvantages of a republic is that translators can be reached by no legal means. In the happy days of the good Harounal Raschid Mr. Lees would have been hanged. (Appleton & Co.)

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IN SIGHT

Gertrude Atherton's contribution to the international marriage question is at hand in the shape of a bulky novel entitled American Wives and English Husbands, which Dodd, Mead & Company published during the late spring. It is an epigrammatic summing up of the situation, clever, amusing, and it has an engaging air of frankness and impartiality. Mrs. Atherton deals largely in plausible generalities expressed through the medium of characters whom she manages at least to make interesting. She tells us things that we have always heard, about the immobility of Englishmen and the superior malleability of American husbands—but her observations have point if not pith.

Moreover her story is constructed with a mathematical regularity that makes it easy reading like a good play, every incident in it falls into line and leads up to the demonstration of her theorem. All her epigrams bear absolutely on the subject. Throughout the work she is contrasting the Englishman with the American, English conditions with American conditions, and she means to show as clearly as possible what awaits the American woman who is married to an Englishman, either for love or position. The marriage of Lord Barnstaple, or rather the arrangement by which an American heiress bought his title, is the dark side of the medal of the love match of Lord Barnstaple's son and the Californian girl is the bright side—but even this has its shadows.

"I was pretty when I married Barnstaple, and I was really in love with him, if you want to know it. He was such a real swell and I was so ambitious, I admired him to death; and he was so indifferent he fascinated me. But he never even had the decency to pretend he hadn't married me for my money. He's never so much as crossed my threshold, if you want to know the truth."

Thus the Countess of Barnstaple, just before her husband, learning her dishonor, shoots himself.

As for the Californian, who marries apparently under a fortunate star, with youth, beauty, position and genuine love on both sides, the American man who also loves her sums up the result of her experience:

"In other words, loving an Englishman means hard work and plenty of it."

That is, the American wife sacrifices her individuality, adapts herself, becomes a sportswoman and a politician in order to hold her place in her husband's life; and actually prefers these conditions, all said and done, to tyrannizing over an American husband in spite of the spirit bequeathed her by a Southern mother and grandmother, "to whom the neck of man had been a familiar footstool."

Mrs. Atherton's style has been chastened since the days of *Hermia Suydam*, but one must still smile over sentences like these:

"His nerves swarmed over his will and stung it to death."

"Inside of him he fancied he could hear the icicles of his blood rattle against each other."

And this picture of "the fairy prince—Cecil, with the faint, musty perfume of the ages about him, and the owls hooting in the ruined cloisters of his abbey!"

Propos of *L'An Rouge*—a collection of short stories by François de Nion—just published, a French critic says some severe things about the demoralizing influence upon recent fiction of the custom of writing for publication in a journal rather than a book. "One feels at all times in these stories the haste of improvisation; and above all, one is struck by their inequality, fatal consequence of regular and periodic production."

L'An Rouge, to which all the stories have reference more or less, is the *Année Terrible* of Victor Hugo, and the book as a whole may be taken as an example of French treatment of the modern idea of historical romance. This idea, as practised by the English school at least, is to draw on one's imagination for

the history and on the works of previous novelists for the romance.

Benvenuto Cellini's treatises on goldsmiths' work and sculpture have been translated into English for the first time by Mr. C. R. Ashbee, and will be published by the London Guild of Handicraft. The translation is based upon the Marcian Codex, which was the original version of the treatises, as Cellini dictated them to his typewriter, or the sixteenth century substitute for that useful personage, but which he withdrew from publication, so that its appearance in print was postponed until the middle of the present century. Mr. Ashbee's translation is intended to serve as a companion volume to Mr. John Addington Symonds's version of Cellini's autobiography.

A late addition to Shakespearean discussion is Dr. George Brandes's long-expected book—"critical study" which amply sustains the author's reputation as a scholar and a critic of exquisite taste and feeling. It was Brandes, himself a Dane, who said that Denmark was like a very small insect with very long feelers; and this same comparison may be applied to the Doctor himself, not with any intent to disparage his size or character, but simply in recognition of the delicacy of his perceptions. Nothing less than this tactile fineness could have enabled the foreign critic to assimilate and interpret as he has the character of Shakespeare's genius. For the rest, Dr. Brandes has given a life-time's study to his subject, and has succeeded in producing a work not only of great importance but also of great interest.

The demand for dictionaries must be unflagging, to judge from the perennial supply. It is claimed for Chambers's English Dictionary—one of the latest—that its vocabulary is "exceptionally copious." We should say so. Up-to-date is the word for this lexicon. It defines things that Noah Webster, or even the Century, never heard of. For instance, gilt-edged securities and the new woman. Also, the editor advertises, it contains the honest Americanisms of Lowell and Mark Twain.

For real honest Americanism, however, commend us to the advertisement:

"Full sheep binding; over 2,300 pages; weight, 17½ pounds!"

Tolstol's eldest son, Lyof Leovitch, as the Russians write it, has lately made his literary debut with a short story called *A Nobleman*, published in a Russian magazine, of which the unpronounceable name may be translated *Contemporary Review*. The work of the younger Tolstol shows most strongly the parental influence, and it is realistic like all modern Russian literature. So far, however, it has not set the Volga on fire.

Garnier Frères (Paris) announce, for the benefit of Frenchmen visiting England, a *Dictionnaire de Slang*. The author is M. Legras, who spent some time in London, carefully noting down, he says, in alphabetical order all the colloquialisms he heard. Here are some of his translations:

"All there—actif et bien portant."

"Gush—enthousiasme sentimentale pour un objet sans importance."

"Plank down (money, etc.)—Même sens que fork out."

"Swig—boire à grands coups."

BOOKS RECEIVED

Priscilla's Love Story, by Harriet Prescott Spoford; Herbert S. Stone & Co.

The Senator's Wife, by Melville Phillips; Tennyson Neely.

Though Your Sins be as Scarlet, by Marie Giles; Tennyson Neely.

Fighting for Favor, by W. G. Tarbet; Henry Holt & Co.

How to Right a Wrong, by Moses Samelson; Tennyson Neely.

Cheiro's Language of the Hand; Tennyson Neely.

A Bride of Japan, by Carlton Dawe; H. S. Stone & Co.

AS SEEN BY HIM

GEOMETRICAL SHIRT FRONTS—HIM ON HICHENS' ARISTOCRACY OF WEALTH

With patriotism and principles as fickle as an April sky, with a proclamation of war one minute and an announcement of a naval capture the next, with the ink hardly dry on this paper and the manuscript but in the printer's hands, when there is still another change, with the roll of drums and the tramp of soldiers and the distant sound of military music, with the spring bursting in upon us, all abloom, and the golfers ready for contests, the hunters eager at the chase and the merry call of the coaching horn on Fifth Avenue—with all these incidents of moment crowding one's canvas, how can one settle down to the absolute duties of this column and write about ties and shirts and trousers? This military awakening will lend new color to the country and it will bring inspiration, I hope, to the weavers of cloths and the designers of textures to give us just a little something that is new.

In our despair, we are turning to blue serge and flannels for summer, and in this demi-saison are using our reefers of two years ago. I have really only seen one well-dressed man on Fifth Avenue this week. He wore a gray morning suit of infinitesimal checks and the coat was the new one cut in the odd manner I have already described. I walked slowly along one street and then another and peered into the windows of the haberdashers to discover something pleasing. All of them have a multitude of golf hose, and some of the most gaudy plaids I have ever seen. I was rather amused to see stamped on each stocking the irritating "made in Germany." The absolute rush into stripes going one way instead of the other, has produced nightmares in shirt patterns. In one of the shops there was a set of shirts on exhibition, with all the stripes formed into squares and running bias. These larger squares were blue and red and yellow and running along the white margins were tiny black lines. The shirt bosom looked almost like a reproduction of the map of Philadelphia or any city regularly laid out in mathematical squares. The black lines reminded me of trolley or tram car indications and the entire effect was absolutely hideous. And yet I have no doubt that some wandering rustic will purchase or have made a set of these very shirts. I cannot imagine any one being driven to it, but still one cannot account for fantasies.

Think of being encased in geometrical figures! Then there are the brightest pinks separated with wide dividing lines of white; and marvelous to relate you turn from these great shops and go into some cheaper avenue and there in cotton goods you will find the same patterns. I am earnestly awaiting a revolution of some description.

In London a noble lord appeared at a church parade in coat and trousers of enormous checks and top hat, and created a sensation, and has, perhaps, started a fashion. One hardly knows whether the season will be strictly orthodox or liberal in movement, however, until after the Ascot. If the Prince wears a top hat, all the world will be trimly dressed for the year; but if he appears in a felt one, it will be mufti for another twelve-month. I have just been reading that stupendous farce, *The Londoners*, by Hichens—where I just filched this hint—and have put the book down in disappointment. Hichens is a smart writer, but he follows too closely the topsyturvydom of Anstey, and when the middle of the book is reached, you lose all interest because everything is so absolutely absurd and impossible. Here and there he makes a good point. His treatment of America is rather superficial, and his idea of life in Florida—where he firmly believes one is surrounded with palms and oranges with chattering monkeys and screaming parrots—is most British and a bit middle class. So is his epigrammatic sentence concerning New York, which he votes impossible, there being no society because there is no aristocracy, and concluding that aristocracy is as necessary to

society as a top hat is to a man living in a city.

With South African millionaires and other strange exotics London society has little aristocracy these days—hardly more than we of New York. We both recognize the aristocracy of wealth. Two generations of the advantages which money can bring will gild the basest metal and do more to it—it will turn it eventually into gold. Education of a certain kind—cosmopolitan not narrow—and the faculty of observing others and taking hints from their dress, speech and manner, will do much to set the seeker after society in the right path and turn him out a gentleman. I have found frequently the rudest bores to be men with the longest pedigrees. They presume on their ancestors and ancestry in these days is at a discount.

Mr. Hichens complains bitterly of the rudeness of the average London man who does

newspaper offices. And I found myself trapped in that part of the city the other day with a violent mob hurrahing around me. But it was neither in the cause of war nor yet of peace. I believe the reason for their excitement was a baseball game.

Meadows has assumed such a military air of late that I fear he has joined some militia company or that he has ideas of enlisting. He is an American citizen now and really I feel like quite an alien. I detected a frown and a gesture of deprecation when I suggested the other day the packing of my boxes for a short trip abroad. I hope that I shall not lose him again. A man settled as I am becomes accustomed to his surroundings. I want the same waiter at my club, the same table and the same corner in the reading room. I feel aggrieved if anyone else levies on my possessions and I have only a part ownership in them. I fear I am becoming



JEAN GERARDY

not even take the trouble to answer his dinner invitations. We have not reached that point as yet, although New York men are spoiled. And that makes me think that Hichens's nobility are a bit pinchbeck, but they are very amusing, nevertheless.

I am very uneasy about the gray suede glove. I introduced it into New York years ago, and I received I do not know how many letters of absolute indignation from all sorts of persons. Such mail is always given to Meadows to read and to answer. I personally prefer a more definite note of color, but it is, perhaps, all a matter of individual taste.

Although it pleases me that there is a militant note in the air, I miss demonstrations and the hurrah and the intense excitement which I have seen in England and in poor France at times, when really you could hardly consider that her people were united. I believe at the Stock Exchange there is more spirit and movement just at present, except in front of the bulletin boards at the great

gradually old, and only the other day I detected another crow's foot and a white hair. I shall have to devote my pen in future to the exploitation of the middle aged.

WHAT HE WEARS

CRAVATS—We men can take liberties with our cravats, for the mode is quite liberal and particularly so in all that pertains to the neck dressing. I include in neck dress all that is worn about the neck—cravat, collar, stock or croat. The croat is new, and if you know just how to put one on you will have solved the problem of negligé neck dress to your satisfaction. A croat is a long, narrow cravat of fine duck or Madras cloth—I should say it was about five inches wide. The ends are cut in points and the edges are folded in so that the cravat is practically of two thicknesses. It is about a yard long—as therefore will go around the neck in the twice-around or hunting stockway. The ends are simply crossed and pinned to-

gether with any one of the sporting safety pins now so popular. I have noticed that these very loud Madras end stocks are now quite popular with the drygoods gentlemen, therefore I would drop them. The best stocks are made of a very fine piqué or Madras with the collar as well as the ends made of one material. There is nothing so good as the plain white stock. The silk end affairs are no longer worn. Stocks have ascot as well as tie ends; the latest model has the broad end ascot end, which is tied into the once-over effect. Just now the most popular of the cravatings of the peculiar kind are the bandannas. Genuine old bandanna handkerchiefs are cut up into broad end imperials or broad end ties. The colors look quite well, and it is a decidedly good cravatting for negligé or ordinary day wear. I have noticed that the soft cravatings of silk and Madras ones are now the most popular.

HANDKERCHIEFS—Fancy handkerchiefs for wear with the golfing or outing suit are in linen as well as silk. In the latter the centres are white with fancy borders, or they are all of one ground effect relieved by figures in one or two, and sometimes three colors. Linen handkerchiefs have hems one inch or one-eighth of an inch wide. The narrow hems are in delicate colors. These handkerchiefs are the best for day wear. Large handkerchiefs of silk in fancy colors are now used for wear about the neck, or are carried in the pocket. One may get special designs for golf, driving, or cycling. It seems strange that yachting is not considered this year. But then one must remember that all the good yachts are engaged in the delightful task of "advancing civilization."

QUESTIONS FOR MEN

Golf Spats—Evening Tie—Golf Neckwear—Age for Frock Coat—Summer Riding Jacket—Street Gloves—Woman's Golf Coat. To. E. A.—(1) Will golf-spats be made of pigskin or box cloth and in what colors?

(2) Is any other than a black tie permissible with a Tuxedo coat? Is a white waistcoat permissible with Tuxedo?

(3) What will be the correct neckwear for golf? Will this year's golf shoe have the winged tip? With or without brass eyelets?

(4) What is the proper age for a young man to put on a top hat—frock coat?

(5) I wish a coat or jacket for summer riding in the country to be worn with knee breeches and brown boots. What materials and cut do you advise.

(6) Are white dog skin or heavy white kid gloves correct for street wear?

(7) A young lady wishes a jacket of scarlet cloth, to be worn for golf, or with a shirt waist and white duck skirt. How should it be cut and lined? Should it be made from scarlet etamine or broadcloth? What kind of buttons?

(1) The golf spats should be of box cloth in the natural color—tan or gray.

(2) The accepted good form to wear with a dinner coat is a black tie and a black waistcoat.

(3) A white piqué or cheviot stock with ascot or club tie attached. The tip on the golf shoes should be straight. Brass eyelets.

(4) It depends somewhat upon his size—if he is tall and large he may have a frock coat and high hat at sixteen, if not eighteen is young enough.

(5) A cheviot or homespun sack coat of brown or black.

(6) Wear tan dogskin, or gray suede gloves on the street.

(7) Many of the golf coats are unlined, but if you wish it lined have silk of the same color. The cut is a single-breasted short coat with tight-fitting back and half-tight front. The buttons are about the size of a twenty-five cent piece, of brass, and are usually engraved with the monogram of the club to which the owner belongs. The collar is also that of the club, and embroidered with the club emblem. The bicycle coat on page 220, *Vogue* 7 Apr., is about the cut of a golf coat, except the buttons are smaller and closer together, and the front is tight-fitting. The coat should be of broadcloth. Some of the coats have loose fronts and pockets like a covert coat—without the pocket flaps; but we do not think these coats as becoming.

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CROSS-SADDLE RIDING

A Recent issue of the *Elite* contained the following notes in regard to the cross saddle-riding and a cross-saddle habit: "During February a lot of English-women who ride to hounds got together, we are told, in London and formed a 'Cross-Saddle Club.' Their idea was to popularize cross-riding for women, and they wished a centre—a rendezvous from which to work as a unit.

"From most unexpected sources a great howl went up. Even the editor of *The Road* dipped his pen and, apropos of the club's organization, wrote:

"We live in an age when it is considered the proper thing to ape the manners of barbarians, to set at defiance the accepted laws of propriety, and, generally, to do anything and everything upside down. In this most unfortunate state of things, women are nearly always the most prominent, and frequently the pioneers. The desire for emancipation has led many of our womenkind to throw aside all sense of modesty and decorum, and to become unsexed creatures—the exact gender of which it is difficult to determine. In a word, they have ceased to be ladies, and have failed to become gentlemen. The threatened introduction of the cross-saddle for women equestrians is only another phase of the horrible mania. . . . Nature no more intended women to ride on horseback straddle legged than it fashioned men to suckle children, etc."

"Now, this is not pretty nor adequate. What to this editor's prejudiced eyes in fantastic tomfoolery is sense, comfort and rationalism. Cross saddle riding is not coarse-minded nor its advocacy a fanaticism pernicious and dangerous. It is instead an expression of sanity and intelligence. The day has come when to be fair a woman must be sensible, and now that a riding habit has been designed and built which is graceful, safe, comfortable and thoroughly feminine in appearance, is the horsewoman who neglects its adoption to be pitied if her health and life are threatened by holding to a prejudice—which is proved to be only a prejudice?"

"Mrs. H. P. Colgrove designed and makes this outside habit. It is hygienic, graceful, perfect. The two cuts on page 292 show Mrs. Colgrove wearing the cross-saddle habit, taken both mounted and dismounted (on her splendid Jeff Renshaw). Both views are given so as to exhibit the beauty and utility of the garment."

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS

AFTERNOON GOWN ON PAGE 290

Yellow organdie, made with a drop skirt over light blue taffeta. The bottom of the skirt is finished with a yellow lace flounce, the upper edge of which is appliquéd on to the organdie. Bodice and epaulettes of lace like the flounce. Guimpe of yellow organdie shirred and unlined. The left side of the bodice is fastened with a turquoise button. Belt and collar of light blue taffeta stitched. Hat of pale yellow straw trimmed with quillings of light blue chiffon and yellow lace, yellow laburnams and ribbon.

COACHING DAYS—SHOWN ON PAGE 287

RIGHT FIGURE.—Tailor gown of black light weight cheviot, two piece circular skirt, with tucked hip pieces. Coat of tucked cheviot, collar and coat skirts of white taffeta embroidered with black silk, French knots. Shirt of pistachio green tucked taffeta, with bow to match. Black rough straw hat, trimmed with black wings and coarse black net over white chiffon.

MIDDLE FIGURE.—Morning gown of gray mixed homespun, trimmed with very narrow black braid. Five gored skirt, which opens on either side of the front, as bicycle skirt, and is fastened with three frogs of fine braid, and small black buttons, such as those used on the bodice. Hat of black chip trimmed with cocks' feathers and gray chiffon.

LEFT FIGURE.—Dark blue serge, circular skirt, bodice trimmed with bands of white taffeta outlined with black braid, yoke and collar of white tucked taffeta covered with fine sheer embroidered muslin. Sailor hat

trimmed with black and white cocks' feathers and a band of black taffeta with a buckle on left side.

STADLER AND FALK

SHOWN ON PAGE 285.—Black cloth gown. The coat is of cloth edged with black satin quilting. Upper revers of violet velvet, under revers of violet satin quilted ribbon. Front and collar of finely tucked white silk. Bow of plaited silk and lace. Belt of black satin fastened with a gold buckle. Black cloth skirt trimmed with black satin quilted ribbon. Hat of black and white fancy straw, trimmed with violet and white net and jet ornaments.

Fig. 5003—Dainty pale green chiffon gown. Full gored skirt is made over silk the same shade, embroidered ruffles of chiffon are carried half way up the skirt. At the bottom are double ruffles to give a soft full effect over the feet. The bodice is accordion-plaited chiffon garnished with little ruches of chiffon. Sleeves are of embroidered chiffon with tucks in between, girdle and sash are of soft all over lace, edged with chiffon ruche.

Fig. 5004—Gray canvas street gown over tan. Taffeta plain scant skirt—trimmed at the bottom with a band of tan satin finish cloth embroidered with large black silk polka dots. The bodice is cut long over the hips and pointed in front. Sleeves and revers are of tan cloth embroidered to match, band on skirt. A full lace chemisette is finished at the throat with a large lace bow. The belt is of pigskin. A large soft straw hat trimmed with folds of black chiffon and a bird of Paradise's caught up at the back with rosettes of lace and a rhinestone buckle.

Fig. 5005—Walking gown of dark blue camel's-hair, the skirt is made circular with a front gore; down either side of the gown, there are eight tiny fine tucks reaching to the bottom of the skirt. About six inches from the bottom of the skirt another group of tucks extend all the way around. The bodice is a smart little coat effect with scalloped fronts outlined with the tucks, which are made separately and sewn on. Under this little coat a front of lace ruffles is worn. Long plain sleeves are finished at the hand with a funnel cuff. The hat worn with the gown is a rough straw affair with white satin folds striped with sequins, and caught with bunches of purple and white lilac.

Fig. 5006—An exquisite evening gown is made of silver-blue peau de soie. The skirt is Spanish flounce and plain. The bodice fastens under the arm, and has a full blouse front, embroidered in silver and white over a narrow black velvet band. Across the square, folds of soft white chiffon are drawn and caught in the centre with a pearl ornament. The long shirred sleeves are of white chiffon, showing the arms through, and finished at the shoulder with large chiffon and velvet rosettes. A plain belt of black velvet is fastened with a pearl buckle.

Fig. 5010—Smart frock for early summer wear of Tuscan poplin in a cadet blue tone. The skirt is made with an extension flounce trimmed with narrow soutache braid. The bodice is tight fitting with a vest of white linen; over this a band of black antique satin embroidered in pompeian red and from that embroidered linen scalloped revers which reaches to the bottom of the bodice and are outlined with a little hemsitched plissé of linen. The sleeves are of linen appliquéd in black velvet.

Fig. 5011—Summer dancing frock of corn yellow mousseline de soie appliquéd with black chantilly. Marie Antoinette skirt, the petticoat is of corn-color satin. The bodice is tight fitting finished around the bottom with little shirrings of mousseline de soie which gives the appearance of the skirt coming over the bodice. Black velvet bows with rhinestone buckles fasten across the satin vest, which is finished at the top with a shirring of mousseline de soie. Revers fold back over the shoulders and are edged with chantilly insertion. Plain tight sleeves are tied at the elbow with black velvet ribbon.

Fig. 5038—Black French taffeta skirt with a box plait down the front, full ruffles set on an apron and graduating up toward the back. The bodice is of black all over lace made

very full over a taffeta lining. There are long wrinkled sleeves and a steel passementerie defining the yoke. Girdle of turquoise blue velvet.

Fig. 5041—Brown foulard spattered with large white flower design. The skirt is made seven gores with a narrow ruffle at the bottom edged with two narrow rows of cream ribbon velvet. Bodice gathered at the throat and waist and covered with a lattice of cream velvet. Wrinkled sleeves with little ruffles at the top to match bottom of skirt. Girdle of the velvet ribbon with long ends and small bow in the back.

A BLOCKADE RUNNER

(Concluded from *Vogue* of 28 April, 1898)

WE at last landed on a sandy bank and I was amazed at the rapid appearance of two horsemen who, in the twinkling of an eye, seized the mail bags and were off before I could rise. Bewildered, I asked, "What now?" My friend came to me, ear in hand, and said: "We are off on return trip. I can't stop a minute. Walk straight ahead and you will soon see a small house on your left—a light in one of the upper rooms. Knock at the door, make as little noise as possible and accept the aid of the woman who will receive you. Good-bye." And I then stood alone in the darkness, heavy laden and greatly frightened.

After a walk that appeared to me very long I was cheered at sight of the dim light promised and I knocked. The door was partly opened and a woman whispered, "I dare not bring you in. We are closely watched for having received blockade runners. But I will hand you a pillow—there is on the piazza a comfortable settee; sit there with the child. I can't do more until morning." She closed the door and passed to me through a window a pillow and a blanket and in a little while a mug of warm milk for the child and a piece of bread to enable me wait for breakfast.

I sat, tired, and rejoiced prayerfully that I had crossed the Potomac, and thought gratefully of those signal soap men who had so kindly brought me thus far and refused remuneration.

Before many hours the sun rose bright and warm, and at about eight o'clock my hostess invited me in and placed me in a large, comfortable, plain country bedroom, everything faultlessly clean. A table covered with a snowy cloth prepared to offer a substantial farm breakfast. I was invited to lie down and rest, and told I would be safely taken to my destination. I asked how she had known of my case and so kindly offered me her assistance. She told me her son had seen me at the landing. The gentleman who had brought me over the Potomac was her son's brother-in-law and had directed him to help me all he could, as she expressed it; and he would take me in his wagon that was to carry flour and fodder to Leonardsville (maybe it was Leonardstown—I do not remember which), and from there I could easily get to Washington and communicate with my friends "But," she added, "for our own safety never tell who brought you there, and when my son drops you, if you see him, act as if you never saw him before. We are so persecuted for harboring and keeping blockade-runners, and you can't always say if they are honest and true people or bent on mischief.

"My son John" soon appeared, loaded his wagon and came for me, repeated all the directions, and packed me behind bundles of hay and bags of flour, and we set off. My mouth shut like an oyster, and with glee I felt all was safe now—no more trouble. That happy frame of mind was rather premature, as boys say, for I was traveling from the frying-pan into the fire.

Not a word passed between John and myself, though I heard him exchange greetings with those riding our way, and he seemed well known to the people; no one saw the woman packed so completely with the produce going to town. About a mile from the hotel, the big name given to a small country inn, John stopped as if to arrange the harness, and informed me I was to get down and walk to the hotel, repeating the directions as to my course there. Another good walk, but I had rested. I had enjoyed a good breakfast and the child was not at all troublesome,

but with satisfaction and curiosity took to the beauties of the dusty and rough road. Arriving at the inn the host came forward and said he must know where I came from and my business before he could receive me in the house. He called his wife and I was questioned, and the couple seemed alarmed to have a blockade-runner even on the porch. The wife was told to go over to the office of the provost-marshal and bring him to see "this party." The kind John stopped to say "howdy," having deposited his load at the shop. He looked as if he had never seen me before, and said, "better see the provost-marshal" and stopped short as the poor woman, red and excited, announced the officer had gone over to Washington; but the orderly was coming and would settle the business. John rode off, and the orderly made his appearance—a very rough, red-faced man—a great sword dangling at his side, and his gait and manner made evident the fact that he was drunk. He rudely asked "Who are you? What do you want here? How in the devil did you get here?" As soon as I could get a chance I answered, "I want to go to Washington and you must tell me how I can get there, and I shall from that point communicate with my friends in New York and Philadelphia."

"You hail from that d—d place, Charleston. You have an impudent tongue, and I must see your baggage and what money you have."

I pointed to my carpet-bag. "There's all my baggage. In my purse I have scarcely the little that will pay my way."

He staggered to my bag, cursing the while, and emptied the contents on the floor. He tested every article with his sword, and was disappointed to find no tobacco.

"Now swear you have no money."

"No, that I will not do. I have a cheque, but do not intend to cash it here."

"Hand it to me! You shall not get off so easy! Give it at once! You won't, eh?"

You just wait a while, and if you don't give me that cheque you shall take off your clothes and be forced to do what I say! It's hid in your garments."

I was angered by his threat, and I knew the man could not have authority to act as he said he would; and in turn I assured him if he dared to touch me, to attempt violence, there were witnesses, and I would report him, and his insolence would not be overlooked by his employer—the innkeeper, his wife and servants all present and enjoying the scene. The innkeeper raised his voice:

"I reckon she can take care of herself. You had better let her alone. She sees you ain't the one in authority in these parts."

My man thought then "discretion was the better part of valor," left me, ordering me to wait a minute and I would "see sights."

He hurried off, telegraphed to the authorities in Washington that a woman—a blockade runner—hailing from Charleston, bearing dispatches, he was sure—altogether a very suspicious and rebellious one—was under his watchfulness at the hotel.

Poor me! I waited in tearful despair, like Marius on the ruins of Carthage; I could not advance, and I did not enjoy being an object of suspicion to the assembled crowd that gathered around. Five long hours passed, and an omnibus bearing two military officers and a driver stopped; coming forward one of them informed me I was sent for, the steamer waiting for us, and I must go to Washington and report. I looked up and saw with joy I was to travel in a coach bearing in large letters Government Conveyance. The gentlemen got in after placing me and my belongings on the back seat, one of them evidently a pater familias had carried the baby (who was intensely pleased at the buttons and gold braid) to the child's delight—it was quite a dress rehearsal. We rode rapidly to the landing, the steamer only waiting for us to start on the short journey to Washington. Several gentlemen were on board and all acted as American gentlemen always do, with respect toward ladies; but I felt I was watched, and I waited for questions that I knew would be made; to these my answers were so satisfactory that these officers expressed their opinion it was all a mistake, and that I would find

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give him his daily drop one day in very hot weather, whereupon he frightened me and almost burst his little sides by taking forty-four swallows (fully six drops) next day. C.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

RULES

- (1) The writer's full name and address must accompany letters to Vogue.
- (2) When so requested by the correspondent, neither name, initials nor address will be published, provided a pseudonym is given as a substitute to identify the reply.
- (3) Correspondents will please write only on one side of their letter paper.
- (4) Emergency questions only answered by mail before publication, and with \$1.00 paid by correspondent.

So many questions of exactly, or almost exactly the same character, are asked Vogue, that it has become necessary to number them for convenience in reference. Subscribers should keep files of Vogue. There are, to date, over 1000 questions numbered and indexed in Vogue Office.

1112. Suitable Dress for Young Man. To Questioner.—Will Vogue kindly advise as to the correct dress for commencement night for a young boy who is graduating from a high school?

Would evening dress be appropriate? The person in question is seventeen years old, five feet eight and one-half inches, and weighs one hundred and thirty pounds? Is very manly in appearance.

A boy of seventeen years would in any large city wear evening dress, but in all such matters the form to be observed is to do what others do.

There is no question whatever that the correct dress is the regular evening dress.

1113. Crests, Traveling Costume. L.

- (1) Have I headed this letter correctly?
- (2) May I correctly use my husband's crest and the street number at the same time on my note paper?

(3) I am planning a trip around the world, leaving Vancouver in September. Will you kindly tell me exactly what clothes I shall need?

- (1) Yes.
- (2) No. The crest and address are very seldom seen stamped together on note paper. At present the most correct paper has the address only stamped in the middle of the sheet, about an inch from the top.

(3) For the trip you mention we should advise taking several changes of underwear of nainsook and long cloth simply made, so as to be easily laundered; two weights of undervests, several pairs of stockings, a pair calf skin boots, patent leather boots, kid boots or ties, if you prefer them; patent leather and bedroom slippers. A French flannel night dress will also be found very useful when traveling. Two petticoats, one

of mohair and one of silk; a dark blue serge suit, coat and skirt model, to be worn with shirt waists; a silk dress of black or any medium shade that is not too light, as they soil so easily—have it made with two bodices, one low and one high—and a dress of cachemire or fine cloth of light weight, to wear when neither of the other gowns would be suitable; a golf cape for cold evenings on deck, a pretty hat to wear on and off the steamer, etc., and a knock-about turban or other small hat for wearing on the steamer. Shirts of several weights—silk, flannel, piqué and muslin; collars, stocks, gloves and such accessories are all you will find necessary; and in fact you could even omit some of the things we mentioned, as anything you may need can be so easily procured on the other side. We think you would find an English carryall very useful in traveling, for extra wraps, etc., for which you have no space in your trunk.

1114. Cotillon Figures and Favors. To Alice, Colorado.—(1) Please tell me where I can find a book with cotillon figures described.

(2) Also where we can buy inexpensive favors.

(1) We do not know of a reliable book devoted to cotillon figures. Very simple figures which everyone knows are the most popular, and they change very little from year to year. Usually the man who is invited to lead the cotillon arranges the figures. In Vogue 6 Feb. 1896 some of the best figures were described. We can send you this number on receipt of fifty-five cents.

(2) It is always much more expensive to buy your favors at a shop that makes a specialty of them as they charge a good deal for a mere trifle. We advise you to make and get them yourself. There is no limit to the variety, any small knick-knack is suitable as a favor—yard lengths of ribbon with the corners turned in forming a point, on which small bells are sewed look pretty and are useful afterwards, which is always an advantage. Now that golf is such a craze, golf balls, scorers, pencils, clubs and silver golf pins for ascot ties make good favors. Bunches of flowers for the women and bou-tonnieres for the men, either real or artificial

are also suitable. There is no limit to the variety of favors, and what you choose depends entirely upon how much you wish to spend.

RENOVATING WORN BALL GOWNS

After a few weeks of going out to dances and dinners the bottoms of our gowns begin to show wear and tear, particularly the latter, since the convenient dancing length of skirts in past seasons is no longer smart. By ripping off whatever is defaced, and, if very much so, sending the skirt to the cleaner's—for nothing can hide stains and accidents from supper room mishaps—we can rearrange, if necessary, the rest of the trimming to conform with whatever we decide upon. Ruchings are perhaps the readiest and simplest of changes to bring about the desired object. Two, three or five rows make a lovely trimming if of mousseline de soir or tulle. One wide insertion of lace, with a narrow puckered heading of gauze or silk muslin on each edge, is one of the modish ways of finishing skirts, and very serviceable is it for purposes of renewal and repairing.

In climbing heights,
descending vales,
In buffets—hustles—
mobs or gales,
In dance or leap,
or run or jump
I don't let go

—why?

See that

hump?



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THE CRYING NEED OF WATER FOR ANIMALS

DEAR VOGUE:
Walking through the streets of Washington one day my eye, always on the alert for what is going on in the animal world, was caught by the sight of a cat drinking from a puddle left by the rain in a depression of the brick pavement. She was a fine, sleek, well conditioned house-cat, evidently petted and well cared for; and she displayed no fear at our approach, merely moving her body out of the way, while continuing to lap the soiled water eagerly. I stopped and petted her, and though she responded with arched back and purr she went on drinking as if she never could get enough. It was an object lesson much needed by many kind people who think that when they have given their pet cats plenty of meat and milk, their duty is done, whereas they know the necessity for a constant and plentiful supply of water for their dogs. Cats are just as thirsty and need water just as much as dogs; in fact, the necessity of plenty of water for all kinds of pets, bird, beast or reptile, ought to be borne in upon the minds of all, as a great deal of unconscious and involuntary cruelty is inflicted by the neglect of loving owners. I myself must plead guilty to inflicting suffering on my tiny chameleon lizard by forgetting to

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PACRA B



JUDIC B

SIMPSON, CRAWFORD & SIMPSON

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THE PACRA CORSETS**

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Gives a natural curve, with long lines from shoulder to top of bust. Long waist and straight front cheer to the figure. We recommend it to ladies wearing any size from 18 to 25 inches.

THE JUDIC B CORSET

Low bust, long straight front, reduces the size by giving a natural hip curve. We recommend it for stout figures. Stock sizes are from 22 to 36 inches waist measure.

THE PACRA T

Low bust, short hip, straight front, made of open strips, is an ideal Summer Corset. Light in weight and flexible to all movements of the body. In white, pink, blue and black. Price \$2.98.

THE PACRA B

Low bust, short hip, straight front, is the perfection of fit for long waisted, natural full bust figures; is desirable for low neck dresses as it cannot raise the bust. Price in coutille, white, grey, black, pink, blue, sizes 18 to 26 inches, \$2.98. In satin and satin broché, genuine bone \$10.50.

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JUDIC A